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The Family Altar.

(Charlotte Archer Raney, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

John and Margaret Ellet, husband and wife of a week's standing, were putting the last touches to the cozy sitting-room in the newly established home. Margaret rearranged with lingering touch the soft, graceful folds of the muslin curtains at the windows, and glancing around the dainty but plainly furnished room, turned to her young husband, and with eyes shining with happiness, said:

'This is home, John, and I have been homeless since I was a little child! How I have longed and prayed for a home of my very own, with some one in it to love and care for me! God make me worthy of the blessing, and help us to make this earthly home a beacon light, lighting the way to the heavenly home.'

Sitting in the glowing radiance of the open fireplace these two happy people talked long over their plans for the future.

'First of all,' said Margaret, 'we must establish a family altar.'

'Yes, and Margaret, I would like to make a small change in the usual manner of conducting the morning and evening devotions. I would like that we read the chapter verse both aloud and talk it over together, and we can lead in prayer and praise alternately, and in this way we will come nearer to each other, and it seems to me nearer to the Master.'

And the new life began. It was a life of hardship and much privation, for the farm must be paid for dollar by dollar, and out on the frontier, where they had established themselves, because land was cheap, they found a scarcity of dollars and a great abundance of very hard work.

Their neighbors were scattered, and most of them uncongenial; their church privileges few and far between, since the nearest church was ten miles away, but morning and evening they met the Lord at the family altar and received grace and strength for the duties that lay between. The half-hour spent in holy converse with the Master knit together the ragged, frayed edges of their hard, bare life and made them firm, smooth and symmetrical.

With the coming of a family the cares and anxieties and hard work increased. Failures of crops sometimes made it impossible to meet the regular payments on the home, and sickness among the dear children often wrung the father's and mother's hearts with anxiety; but in the sacred morning and evening hours, when they drew near to God in holy converse sweet, the Master met and blessed them, and made all their burdens and hardships light through love for him.

A home with family worship in it, in which even the children joined, was a marked home in a sordid and worldly neighborhood.

The people watched the daily life of the Ellets to learn what made them so different from those about them, and they found the secret spring of the higher and nobler living in the daily trysts they so carefully kept with the Master. It is a very ignorant and wicked person who cannot see and acknowledge—to himself at least—the strength and beauty of a Christian life, and it is few who are not influenced thereby.

The Ellets were not long in the new home until they had gathered the young people into a Sabbath-school, and soon a church was organized, feeble in numbers but strong in courage and faith, and God's cause began to prosper in the community. His blessing was upon that little frontier church and its light shone out to guide the feet of the people into the strait and narrow way.

The family altar erected that first evening in the new home was the germ of this church to be, although perhaps John and Margaret Ellet never realized the fact, nor understood the influence of their Christian living.

Their family of boys and girls came into the church while yet children in years, coming up into a good and honorable manhood and womanhood, the whole trend of their lives telling for the advancement of the Master's great cause; going out to establish new homes on the same plan of the old, and to continue and multiply and extend the uplifting influences of their childhood's home.

The Buddhism of Thibet

Has amalgamated several features of Hinduism with it, of which pilgrimages to sacred places is one. Our picture shows some pilgrims measuring their length round the capital city of Lhassa. They walk about five feet, and then fall prone on the ground, falling as many as 3,000 times during the day. This is also a feature in Hindu penances to atone for their sins.

—'Christian Herald.'

'What She Could.'

(The Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'Sunday-school Times.')

Margaretta Moses was a beautiful girl until the small-pox left its marks on her face. She never married, and had a hard battle to make a living, especially when she became so crippled that she could not lift her right hand to her head.

Left an orphan, she moved to Roodhouse, Illinois, and bought a small house. In one poorly furnished room of this she lived, while the rest she rented.

She supported herself by baking bread and selling it among the villagers. For years the little woman, in her hood and calico dress, with her basket over her arm, was a familiar figure on the streets.

Everybody knew crippled Margaretta Moses. They knew that she always had a kind word and a cheery smile for those she met. They knew, too, that she made it a habit to speak to the wayward and careless, and urge them to a more earnest life. But not many knew why she lived in a single room when she owned her own home.

Margaretta Moses denied herself that she, out of her poverty, might enjoy the luxury of helping others. She was continually on the lookout for opportunities,—and, of course, she found them.

One day the hooded figure entered the building of the Railway Young Men's Christian Association at Roodhouse. The secretary was out, but she left a few dollars with the message that she had heard new hymn-books were needed by the young men.

Her interest in the work of the Association led her to subscribe for periodicals which told of the work carried on among young men of other lands. She was especially attracted as she read of the success of Mr. David McConaughy in India. Every midnight, when she rose to set her sponge, she used to pray for him, remembering that he was then in the midst of his day's labor.

One day the mail brought to the International Committee of the Association a draft for twenty-five dollars, with a request from Margaretta Moses that the gift be used in the mission work for young men. Her name had never been heard at the office, and it was supposed she was a woman of means. So the next year a letter was sent her, asking a renewal of the offering. She replied that, as the former gift represented the savings of years, it would be impossible to duplicate it. However, she enclosed ten dollars. This was her all. When Mr. Wishard learned this, he wrote at once, asking leave to return the gift. But the earnest woman urged him to use it in the work she loved.

This message reached Mr. Wishard in London as he was about to call on a wealthy woman whom he hoped to interest in the Association's work in China. In the course of his talk with her he told of the gift of the crippled bread-baker of Roodhouse. The eyes of his hostess kindled.

'What do you need for your next worker?' she asked.

'Twelve hundred dollars a year,' Mr. Wishard replied.

'If Margaretta Moses, who lives by baking bread, can do what you have told me, surely I can give twelve hundred dollars,' was the instant decision.

For some years this was her annual subscription, until finaly she could not be content with so small a gift. She learned that a building was needed by an Association in China, and subscribed fifteen thousand dollars for its erection.

Mr. Wishard says he has told the story of Margaretta Moses in all parts of the world, and that many other gifts have been influenced by the story of her glad surrender of her all to her Master's service.

Several years ago, friends secured the admission of the generous woman to a home for old ladies in Jacksonville, Illinois. There she spent her days reading of the foreign mission work and praying for the success of the workers.

Since her death, which occurred recently, the proposal has been made that a stone be placed over her grave by Association men. It is to be hoped this will be done.

Mission Work in the Mountains.

We are now in the mountain regions of Kentucky, which is a large, needy and destitute country. Our field embraces the southeast part of the state. Some places it is from fifty to seventy-five miles from any railway. Most of the Kentucky mountaineers are poor. Large numbers of them have no part of the Scriptures in their homes, and scarcely any other kind of literature to read. It is sad to see so many bright, intelligent children brought up in ignorance and vice, thousands cannot go to school for want of books and clothing. Our work is in the very centre, or nearly so, where there is so much murder and crime. In one county alone over forty people have been murdered inside of one year, and with only five or six exceptions, not one of them has been brought to justice. I bring these facts before you to show the awful state of society existing here in the mountains. Drunkenness and old grudges are the principal cause of all this trouble. These poor mountaineers are a kindly people, most of them are ready to learn and anxious to improve, but being burdened with ignorance, moral weakness and bad examples are against them. Intoxicating drinks and saloons are the most productive cause of crime, ignorance and lawlessness. Good literature is one of the most potent factors for good and religious literature especially shows most salutary results. Let the light of God in these human souls, and drunkenness, superstition, ignorance, prejudice, immorality and laziness which offend will go out like darkness before the morning sun. Could you make the rounds with me to homes under God through the agency of religious, temperance and moral literature which we have given out in these poor mountain homes, you certainly would thank God and take courage.

Now in view of the great destitution existing, I appeal to the Christian public for help. First of all we need a large supply of Bibles and Testaments. Send all you have to spare or can get; if you send money to purchase Bibles, send draft. Postal order or express order should be made payable to the order of the American Bible Society, then send it to me and I will forward it on to them. They requested me to do this, which will save them much time and trouble. Also Gospel and children's books; you will find some in nearly every home, song books, Sabbath-school literature, school books, such as spellers and first readers for the primary department; tracts, Sabbath-school cards and papers which are filled with Gospel reading and clothing for the poor children especially. Please collect all you can of the above and send to me by mail, express or freight prepaid to McClure, Henry Co., Ohio. I do earnestly ask an interest in all your prayers for God's protecting care and help. This work is not denominational. Address J. B. Mitchell, McClure, Henry Co., Ohio, U.S.A.

[In this case, as in all others when supplies or literature are sent to mission fields, care must be taken to fully prepay all express freight or postal charges. Otherwise the gift is no gift but a burden to those whose resources are already taxed to the utmost. Be careful to address all inquiries and packages to J. B. Mitchell McClure, Henry Co., Ohio, U.S.A.—Editor of 'Messenger.']

The Minister's Duty.

The minister is to be simply colonel of the regiment. The real fighting is to be done by the men in the ranks who carry the guns. No idea could be more non-christian or more irrational than that the religious colonel is engaged to do the fighting for his men, while they sit at ease. And yet, perhaps, there is one idea current which is more absurd still. That is that there is to be no fighting at all, but that the colonel is paid to spend his time solacing his regiment, or giving it gentle, educative instruction, not destined ever to result in any downright manly effort on the part of the whole regiment to do anything against the enemy. Laymen are bound to propagate their religion by speaking it about, by preaching it, in fact. When one meets another in a railway train and speaks of Christ to him, it is as legitimate a type of preaching as the delivery of a set discourse by another man from a pulpit in a church. Telling men the gospel, explaining what Christ can be to a man, is preaching, as scriptural as any preaching can be made. Ministers ought to make this plain and lay the duty of such preaching upon all their laymen and teach them how to do it. It makes no difference if it is done haltingly. A broken testimony from a laborer to his friend is likely to be more effective than a smooth and consecutive Sunday morning sermon. It would be a good thing if all ministers should read aloud to their people chapter after chapter on Sunday mornings, as preludes to their sermons, most of the chapters of Dr. Trumbull's little book on 'Individual Work for Individuals,' and thus set before the laymen in their churches the true ideal of Christian evangelism, which is the propagation of Christianity, not by public preachers so much as by private conversation and the testimony of common men. —Robert E. Speer.

Post-Office Crusade.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS IN INDIA.

Our readers who have been sending papers to India will be familiar with the names of Miss Dunhill, National Organizer for the W. C. T. U. of India, and will be interested in the letter from her we publish in this issue. It will be gratifying also to see words of thanks from other missionaries who appreciate the good literature that is sent to them by friends at home.

Dear Friends of India,—Only a short message, as I hope to come to you and to speak face to face. Some of you have kindly written lately, but have had no answer from me. Engagements in the United Kingdom have hindered correspondence. Will you accept my gratitude now?

If the Lord will, I sail from Liverpool for Montreal on the 18th instant, to be with Mrs. M. E. Cole, 112 Irvine Avenue, Westmount, Que., whose love has linked yours to ours in the East.

The Lord be your salvation! Henceforth unto him! Yours affectionately,

H. E. DUNHILL.

119 St. Thomas's Road, Finsbury Park,
London, N., Aug. 12, 1904.

American Arcot Mission,
Vellore, India, July 10, 1904.

To the Editor of the 'Messenger':

Dear Sir,—Permit me, through your columns, to express the appreciation of myself and others in India, who value the agency of reading-rooms, for the valuable periodicals that are sent to us through the good offices of Mrs. Edwards Cole. The assurance of help from the Postal Crusade has made possible the maintenance of a reading-room in this large city of 50,000 people.

Yours truly,
(Rev.) W. I. CHAMBERLAIN.

Dehra Dun, U. P. India,
July 7, 1904.

The Editor of the 'Messenger':

I wish to thank the kind friends who have sent me the 'Messengers' for so long a time. They have been and are greatly appreciated by the soldiers, and I shall be very grateful if they will continue to send them to me, for I can always use as many as they can send.

Yours truly,
M. A. BIRD.

[Readers will bear in mind that postage on all papers should be fully prepaid, the rate for India being one cent for two ounces.—Ed.]

The Three Lessons.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have 'hope.' Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have 'faith.' Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have 'love.' Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Faith, hope, and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else were blind.
—Schiller.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Good Impression.

(Elsie Vernon, in the 'Christian Standard.')

'Now, Elizabeth, do try to make a good impression on Aunt Edith. Be careful, child, and don't do or say anything queer. She can do a great deal for the one she fancies, and she hinted to your father that she was coming to see which of the girls she liked. Now try to remember, dear, that she is a model of propriety, and hates unconventional things.'

'I'll try hard, mamma,' said Elizabeth.

Her mother turned her about carefully and gave a sigh of relief as she reflected that no one could find fault with Elizabeth's appearance. Very sweet and dainty she looked in her immaculate white dimity and her face was quite serious under the responsibility resting upon her.

Three other girls were listening to practically the same instruction at the same time. To be sure, Aunt Helen and Aunt Lucy did not say anything about being queer, for their girls did not do such unexpected things as Elizabeth sometimes did.

A half hour later the four girls met at the station, where they were to wait for the train which was bringing the long-expected aunt. Aunt Edith might well have been proud of her nieces, and a spectator would have just thought she would have to take all four, for there seemed no choice among them. All were sweet and modest and dainty, as young girls should be. Aunt Edith was a rich widow, and had said that she hoped to take one of the girls home with her.

The train was late. Jessie and Martha paced slowly up and down the shady end of the platform. Hilda and Elizabeth went on a longer walk all the way around the building. In one corner they saw a German immigrant woman, seated on her box, and trying to keep her flock of little ones near her.

'Poor thing,' cried Elizabeth, 'she looks almost tired to death.

She has probably been travelling from New York with all those children. I believe I'll try to amuse them for a little while. Look at the baby, it can't go to sleep with the sun in its face.'

'Oh, Elizabeth,' entreated Hilda, 'they'll get you all mussy, and you know auntie will be here soon. I'd help you any other time, but I really can't to-day,' and Hilda glanced down at her dainty gown and gloves. 'Come on, dear, let's give the children some pennies and go on.'

'Well, at least I'm going to ask her if she wants anything, and where she is going. Just think how lonely and frightened she may be in this strange place.'

Elizabeth addressed the woman in German. The children gathered around and the mother's face lit up at the sound of her native tongue.

'Hilda,' said Elizabeth, 'she is going clear to Minnesota. She's been waiting here two hours and her train doesn't come until three this afternoon. I'm going to show her where she can lie down and rest, and I shall take care of the children for a while.'

She held out her hands for the flaxen-haired baby, and it came to her willingly, and Hilda sighed in despair as she saw the damp little head nestled on the white frock. Elizabeth, followed by the entire uncouth flock, set off for the waiting-room. She showed the mother the couch in a little side room, and then took the children out. The baby soon went to sleep and Elizabeth sat down, keeping the other children near at hand, by telling them stories that taxed her German.

'I have to keep watching them,' she said to Hilda, who had come in to see how she was getting along. I'm so afraid one will get lost.'

'Just look at your dress,' said Hilda severely, 'and your hat is on one side, and your hair in disorder, and they all look so funny that every one is staring at you.'

'Hasn't the baby got pretty hair?' said Elizabeth,' 'and look at his dimples, he's smiling in his sleep.'

Hilda retreated with a disapproving look.

A few minutes later Elizabeth came out with her kindergarten, as Martha said. The baby was awake now, and smiling good-naturedly.

'I'm going over to this little lunchstand to get them some milk and sandwiches,' said Elizabeth.

'You must not go,' cried the others, 'the train is due now. It might come while you are gone.'

'They're hungry,' said Elizabeth, and it will take only a minute.

The train did come in while she was gone. Aunt Edith in a fashionable travelling gown, descended and kissed her three pretty nieces.

'Where is Elizabeth?' she questioned.

'There she is by the door,' said Hilda.

Aunt Edith looked and gasped.

'With that Dutch baby?' she cried.

And Elizabeth was the centre of a striking tableau. She had returned with her charges, each of whom was munching a big sandwich. The mother had awakened and come to collect her brood. She was chattering volubly to express her thanks, and trying to take the baby. But baby clung tightly to his new friend. He was disengaged at length after being bribed by a rose that Elizabeth wore in her gown. As soon as she could escape, she came to her aunt. The freshness of her frock was gone; her hat more on one side than ever; and her hair in sad disorder. But she was the same sweet, well-bred Elizabeth, and somehow Aunt Edith didn't seem dreadfully shocked.

But Elizabeth thought she had lost her chance, and she confessed the whole matter to her mother as soon as they were alone.

'But what could I do, mother? She was a stranger, and in need of a little kindness.'

And Elizabeth's mother kissed her and said, 'There was only one thing to do, and you did it.'

It was several weeks before Elizabeth found out what Aunt Edith really thought. She came into the dining-room one day when her mother and aunt were sitting in the next room, and Aunt Edith was just saying:

'Yes, I have decided to take Elizabeth with me, if she is willing to go. I want a bright young companion. And then I can get employment for her there, you know; there is a private school right next to my place, and they want a primary teacher. Elizabeth herself seems fond of children, and I know my recommendation would secure the place for her. She told me she would like to earn something to help the younger children with their education, and I think this is just the place for her, and I can enjoy her society at the same time. There is a good salary and I hope you will see no objection to the plan if you can spare her.'

Elizabeth did not hear the rest. She ran back upstairs and cried for joy.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Shivering Saints.

'Do you know, sir, I think there be an amazing lot of shivering saints!'

'Yes, Betty,' I replied. 'I am afraid this very cold weather must sorely try many of the Lord's poor, and we must see what we can do to help them.'

'Lor', sir,' said Betty, 'I did not mean that. I dare say some of 'em have shivering bodies, but it was their souls I was a-thinking on.'

Betty Smith was a veteran in the King's Army. One of the oldest members of the Church, though not often able to be present at the services. She was living very contentedly in an almshouse, and always had a word of welcome for me whenever I was able to call upon her in the course of my pastoral visitation.

'Well, Betty,' I said, 'I dare say I know what you mean, but just for the moment I do not quite see the application of your parable. To what in particular do you refer?'

'Do you remember the glorious day we had last summer at the sea-side?' enquired Betty.

'Yes, perfectly,' I replied.

'Well, sir, I remember seeing some of the young folks going into the water to bathe. Some of them got undressed and plunged right in, and commenced to kick about and have a fine lot of fun; but I minds one lad as had undressed in the machine, yet would not go in, but kept making little jumps in about up to his knees, and said how cold it was. His friends laughed at him and said it would be warm if he would plunge in; but he would not. And it strikes me, sir, there be a lot of shivering saints like him.'

'Bravo, Betty!' I said. 'Capital! I see.

Stand lingering, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.'

'Wait a bit, sir,' said Betty. 'Don't you remember the last social you giv' in the school room? Mrs. Robinson would have me come, and I minds how it was all warm, and beautiful magic-lantern pictures, and hot coffee and buns, and cake, and it was all free, and you wanted the lads to come in, and most of them did, but just one or two of the biggest wouldn't. But though they wouldn't come in, they wouldn't go away from the door, but just hung around and laughed, and made out they didn't like coffee, and buns, and also pictures; and while the others were having the warmth and the good things, they shivered outside. Lor', sir, there be a lot of shivering saints like the boys!'

'Really, Betty. Now don't you think those boys outside were more like poor sinners who will not come to the Lord Jesus, than like saints? I think so.'

'May-be, sir. But don't you think there be a lot of God's people who gets no more real comfort out of their religion than those boys did out of coffee and buns? They only look and long and shiver all the time.'

'I daresay you are right, Betty; we none of us live up to our privileges. But let me know a little more definitely what you mean. We will not talk evil one of another, but whom do you know now that you would describe as a shivering saint?'

'Why, sir, there be lots on 'em. Why, there is dear Mrs. Robinson. One of the best souls as ever was born. Many a lone hour she has passed for me, and many a little treat she has brought me; but she is a shiverer. "Oh, Betty," she said to me the other day, "when I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies!" "Lor', Mrs. Robinson," I said, "you'd

never read no title clear. You ain't got one! The Lord Jesus has got the title, and that is enough for you and me." How do I know, if I got up to heaven and took possession of one of them mansions, but what some angel might say, "Here, you Betty Smith, you get out of this mansion at once; your title's defective?" But the title which Jesus has can never be disputed, for it is his Father's house, and he is appointed heir of all things; and when I get there his title will be good enough for me, for does he not say, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed me"? But, sir, she can't see it. Oh, she's a dear saint of God, but she is a shiverer, more's the pity.'

I could not help feeling a little chill run down my own spinal column. True, I was sitting with my back to the door, so I only said—

'Go on, Betty; dear Mrs. Robinson is one of the excellent of the earth, but we cannot all be strong in faith like you, you know.'

'Well, sir, ther's Deacon Brown. Many a kindness he's shown me, and he never lets his left hand know what his right hand does, but he's a shivering saint, and he is the first to confess it, poor man. How I've heard him pray for the joy of God's salvation.'

'Ah, that is what we all want,' I observed parenthetically.'

'Of course,' said Betty, 'and "the joy of the Lord is your strength"; and strong men do not shiver, but are full of life. Well, Deacon Brown always seems to live on the shady side of Mount Sinai. He comes to the shore of the great sea, but he's troubled because he don't just plunge in. Oh, these waters of everlasting love are waters to swim in. Our peace is to be like a river, and our righteousness like the waves of the sea, but Deacon Browns seems afraid to "Venture on him, venture wholly," and so he shivers instead of swimming.'

'And then,' continued Betty, 'there is my son Tom. Good, steady lad, fond of his wife and children—feared the Lord from his youth up. I am sure the root of the matter is in him, but he is just like the big boy at the seaside; he's took off his clothes, and now he won't go in. He's done with the world, and can't get any comfort out of it, and yet he won't put on the Lord Jesus so as to have him for a garment of glory and beauty.

'Did you ever notice, sir,' said Betty, warming to the subject with simple eloquence, 'what a lot the Bible says about clothes and being clothed upon? Why, sir, what do we wear clothes for?' Betty answered her own question. 'Why, to keep ourselves warm.'

I thought of Carlyle, but really when the mercury is in the neighborhood of zero one wonders whether 'Sartor Resartus' might not have been written during a tropical summer.

'To keep ourselves warm,' repeated Betty, half wondering at my silence; 'and when I feel I have put him on I know that, as the apostle says, "If so be that being clothed upon we shall not be found naked." Oh, sir, won't you preach a sermon about it? For there be many as haven't got into the secret place, and it's there under the wings and covered by the feathers that we know all the joy of God's salvation. You'll preach a sermon about it, won't you?' said Betty as I rose to go.

'I'll see, Betty,' said I, 'but I really think that you have preached me one this afternoon.'

Old Betty's words rang in my ears as I went on my way. 'There be many shivering saints.' Too true, I thought, and I sadly fear I see one most mornings in my shaving glass!—'English Baptist.'

Pony to the Rescue.

(George Ethelbert Walsh, in the 'Sunday-school Times.')

Pony kicked up his heels, threw down his head, and cavorted around with all the grace and coquetry of his proud mother, who for years past had held the championship record for fleet trotting. Winfield, twelve years old, and strong and sturdy of limb as his pet colt, held out a beseeching hand, and called:

'Come, Pony! Come now! Whoa there!'

But Pony was in no mood for riding his young master down the turnpike to the ocean, but preferred to graze quietly in the heavy grass pasture which spread so temptingly before him.

'Now, Pony, now come here! Gently!'

Then in disgust, with the perspiration running down his hot cheeks, Winfield flung the halter angrily at him, and said: 'You mean old thing, go it! You won't get any breakfast this morning.'

Throwing the few ears of sweet corn across the fence, Winfield turned and started to walk up to the house. Pony stopped and watched him, and even ventured to follow a short distance. He dearly loved sweet corn and choice selected oats, and now he seemed to understand that they were to be denied him.

Winfield went up to the house, and soon reappeared with his bathing-suit in his hands. The short cut to the ocean was across the lower meadow field, and he passed purposely close to Pony's pasture lot Pony, as if sorry for his behaviour, greeted him with a pleasant whinny, and trotted up to the fence. But Winfield was angry, and refused to rub the silken nose pushed between the rails toward him.

'No, no! I don't want you now,' he said, as if administering a severe rebuke to his pet pony. 'I won't take you this morning. And that breakfast! There it is inside the fence.'

He pointed to the heap of sweet corn, and even tossed a few of the green ears up in the air. Pony pleaded with eyes and voice for just one taste, but the appeal had no effect.

When Winfield had disappeared from view Pony trotted back to where the uneaten breakfast was placed. The corn looked so cool and tempting that the colt stretched his neck as far out as possible, vainly hoping to reach the nearest ear. But it was too far! Then he grew excited at his disappointment, and began to rear and jump. Three times he trotted back a hundred feet, and raced toward the fence as if to jump it. The fourth time he did not stop, but made the venture. With all his power and strength he sprang upward, and with a clean jump he vaulted the top rail.'

It was so easily accomplished that Pony seemed to smile at his former doubts. He was half tempted to jump back again just to show how easily he could do it. But the breakfast of sweet corn was lying near his feet, and he decided to eat first. With a contented sigh he slowly ate the corn, and licked up the last grain that had fallen from the ears. Then he turned to trot around in the new field. There was no fence to this lot, and nothing could prevent him from taking his favorite trot down to the ocean.

He slowly cantered along, stopping occasionally to nibble some of the fresh meadow grass, and to roll in the soft bed of silken moss and rushes. In a few minutes the white foam of the surf loomed up ahead. Then Pony trotted faster, the charm of the water drawing him forward in ever-increasing speed. As he hurried along he looked keenly around, as if anxious to catch sight of Winfield. He had decided that he would not be captured, but would enjoy the morning, racing around at his own sweet will.

But Winfield could not be seen anywhere on the beach. Few people had come down that morning, and the long stretch of sandy shore was deserted. Pony trotted down to his favorite place, and looked around. There were his master's clothes piled up in a heap near a sand dune, but Winfield was no where in the vicinity.

Pony raised his head and neighed. He was really lonesome, and wanted his companion. There came to his ears a faint reply, which made him cock up his head. It was the unmistakable cry of Winfield, calling:

'Pony! Pony! Come here!'

But how faint and far away it seemed! Pony looked around, up and down the large stretch of sand. Then the faint voice called again. It seemed to come from over the water, carried in on the top of the waves. The young colt looked across the seething billows, and suddenly descried a small black object far out in the waves. He reared up on his hind legs, looked again, and then with a neigh rushed toward the water and plunged in. There he saw Winfield swimming far out in the surf.

Pony was a powerful swimmer, and he breasted the waves with strong strokes. In a few minutes he was near his master. He heard again that faint voice: 'Pony! Pony! Come quick!'

Pony did not understand human language, but he did seem to know that something was wrong. That white face was barely out of the water, and the eyes looked unnatural.

He gave vent to a whinny, and swam to Winfield's side. The boy had just strength enough to throw up his arms, and grasp the mane of his Pony. Then he nearly fainted from the pain and cramp which had seized him.

Pony turned toward the shore, and swam back as fast as he could with his burden. Winfield was so exhausted that he lay on the sands for a long time unable to rise. Pony trotted around him, and occasionally rubbed his nose in his hands.

Finally, when strength partly returned to him, the boy said: 'Pony, you saved my life, you dear fellow! I wonder if you know it!'

The colt whinnied and kicked up his heels. Did he know it, or not? At any rate, he stood still while Winfield climbed painfully upon his back, and a few moments later he trotted quietly up to the house, meekly carrying his rescued burden home.

True to his Faith.

(Ida T. Thurston, in 'Young People's Weekly.')

A missionary who was in Pekin during the memorable siege, tells of a little lad of twelve who, amid the horrors of the Boxer uprising, proved himself of the true martyr spirit.

When the mission schools were closed and the pupils sent away, the father of this boy took him and his little sister to the house of a Chinaman who was his cousin, and begged that the children might stay there for a while. 'Just until I can go to the missionaries and see if they will take the children in—they'll be safer there than at home,' he pleaded.

At first the cousin absolutely refused. 'No! no!' he protested, 'I can't do it. The Boxers may be here any time, and they'll ask the boy if he is a Christian. He'll say "Yes,"—you know he will—and then they'll kill him and the girl; but they won't stop there. For

they'll kill me and my children, too, because I've sheltered Christians.'

However, the father's prayers and pleadings finally prevailed, and the man reluctantly agreed to keep the children a little while.

'But you must hurry!' he urged. 'I can't keep them long, anyhow.'

Thankful for even so much, the anxious father hastened away: but no sooner was he gone than the Chinaman said sternly to the boy: 'Now, see here; when the Boxers come and ask you if you are a Christian, you've got to say "No." Do you understand?'

The poor little fellow was shaking with terror, but he looked up into the stern face above him and answered steadily: 'I can't do that. I am a Christian, and a Christian may not lie.'

'But you must, boy; you must say "No." If you don't, you'll be killed, you and your sister both; and I and my children will be killed, too, just because of you. You must say "No" to save all our lives. Tell me that you will say "No!"' the man cried.

Tears were rolling down the boy's pale cheeks, and he caught his little sister's hand and held it fast, but he did not waver.

'I can't. A Christian cannot lie,' he sobbed out.

For a moment the man stood, his face dark with mingled fear and anger as he stared at the dauntless little figure before him. He saw that the boy would not yield, and he tried another way.

'Well, then, this you can do,' he then said, snatching up a stick of incense and holding it out to the boy. 'When the Boxers come you need not speak at all; but just light this and hold it up before the Joss yonder,' pointing to the idol in the corner. 'Think!' His voice rose sharp and shrill. 'If you don't we must die. We must all die just for you.'

The boy's lips quivered and his fingers tightened on the tiny hand he held, as he heard his sister's frightened sobbing at his side; but once again he answered, his voice low and broken: 'It would be worshipping an idol; that I cannot do.'

Then the man flung open the door, tore the boy roughly from his sister's clinging grasp, and thrust him out into the night.

'Go, then; go!' he shouted. 'You shall not stay here to bring death upon us all.'

The door slammed behind him and the little Christian stood alone in the darkness, at the mercy of the dreaded Boxers, who he knew too well were hunting and shouting their savage war cry: 'Kill! kill! kill!'

The little fellow crouched on the doorstep, afraid to go elsewhere. 'Oh, if father would only come!' he sobbed, his ears strained in deadly terror of the coming of the savage hordes.

But the man that closed the door was not heartless. Presently he opened it a crack and peered out. Seeing the little trembling figure on the step he whispered hoarsely: 'Will you say "No?"'

Silently the boy shook his head, and again the door was shut and once more he was alone in the night shadows. Half an hour—an eternity it seemed to him—had passed, when again the door was opened and the old question flung at him: 'Will you promise now?'

'Oh, I can't! I can't!' wailed the boy. It seemed as if his heart would break; almost he felt as if his Lord had forsaken him when for the third time the door was shut. But all the while his Lord was working for him; working by his Spirit on the heart of the man who knew him not.

Yet once again the door was opened, and for a moment the man stood looking in sheer wonder at the forlorn little figure huddled at his feet. Then suddenly he stooped and he caught the boy's arm.

'Come in, then; come in!' he said. 'After all, you are my cousins's son, and I must save you if I can.'

He drew the boy within and—may it not be that God's angel kept watch and ward over the house that sheltered his loyal little disciple? At any rate, before the Boxers came the children's father returned and carried them to the Compound, where the missionaries had promised to receive them.

Only a little lad of twelve, but one of God's heroes, the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Jack's String Party.

(Alix Thorn, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'I wish,' said Jack, 'I just wish my birthday didn't come in the summer. Sister always has one in the winter, and a party, too, and candies.' And if he had not been almost six I should have said there were tears in his eyes.

'It is too bad, dear little boy,' said mamma, yet she looked merry. 'Perhaps we can think up something to do even if we are so many miles from home.'

You see, mamma, Sister Ruth and Jack were spending the summer at Breezy Hill, far away from any store, and far away from jolly Katie, the cook, who certainly did know how to make wonderful birthday cakes.

But when Jack awoke Wednesday morning, saw the sun peeping into his windows and heard the birds twittering cheerfully, he really couldn't feel very sad, especially when he remembered that he was a year older. I think he was surprised when he found no mysterious packages piled at his plate; he had expected that, however, he smiled bravely when the people at the table wished him a happy birthday. But why did all the children in the big dining room seem to be trying to look at him? Was he different because he was six? Maybe he had grown taller in the night. Little Marguerete, his great friend, at the next table, shook her mop of yellow curls and said, in a very loud whisper, 'I can come, Jack; I can come.'

He was still more mystified when several of the little girls and boys stopped at his place on their way out, and said: 'I am coming to your party,' or 'Mamma says I can come this afternoon, Jack.'

'What do they mean, mamma,' said Jack, 'where's my party?'

And smiling, mamma answered:

'They are coming to your birthday party this very afternoon at four o'clock. While you were out driving yesterday Ruthie delivered little birch bark invitations to all the children in the house.'

Then who was so excited as Jack? How could he wait for four o'clock to come when it was only nine now?

But when Dick Winslow asked him soon after to go fishing in the brook by the golf links he hurried off with him, and did not see the many interesting little packages that were left at his mother's door. For many of the mothers and sisters boarding at Breezy Hill had visited the funny country store six miles away, as well as the Indian camp over the mountain, and found many things that please little girls and boys. Then, too, several of the grandmas had been busily knitting for the last few days, and every one knows what pretty gifts are made by just such flying needles. A great rustling of papers sounded behind the closed doors, and by and by a heap of tempting bundles lay on mamma's couch, securely wrapped and tied, and carefully covered by her large steamer rug.

At a quarter to four Ruthie burst into her brother's room, breathless, and important, and gasped: 'Jack, you can come down now.' And Jack, who had been anxiously awaiting the summons, hurried downstairs, and out on to the piazza. This was what he saw:

A long rope was stretched from one of the piazza pillars to the large maple tree by the tennis court, and from this rope swung packages of every size and color, seventy in all, red, pink, green, blue and white, and fluttering ribbons. Some so small that every slight breeze set them dancin, and others larger swayed to and fro in dignified fashion. Soon thirty little folks, dressed in their very prettiest suits and frocks, came flocking to the party, all chattering, all smiling, and waiting to see what next would happen. Mamma appeared then, bearing a white silk handkerchief and a pair of scissors, and as it was Jack's birthday he must come first. The silk handkerchief was tied over the brown eyes; he was led up to the rope, given the scissors, and told to cut off a package. Snip, he held in his hand a round, hard bundle, which when he could see to open it, proved to be a fine ball, just what he wanted, for he had lost his old ball in the meadow only the day before. Then Marguerete cut, and clasped with loving arms a quaint little Indian doll. Dick followed, and was rewarded by a knife; Ruthie had a gay, sweet grass-basket; little Tom some red and white reins. Oh, I cannot begin to tell you of all the treasures that wonderful rope held. After the presents had all been cut down, each guest having two, and the little host ten, they played games on the green lawn. At six o'clock a lively march sounded from the hall, and two by two they walked to the dining room, where was set a very long table all trimmed with pink and white flowers, and—what do you think? In front of Jack's plate stood a great, round birthday cake, on which burned six pink candles. Katie, herself, couldn't have made a finer cake. A proud little boy cut it, and two hours later, as he cuddled down in his bed, said Jack with a sleepy voice:

'I'm never, mamma; I'm never going to have a birthday in the winter, for a summer birthday with a string party is the very best of them all.'

The Gipsy.

'Do you want your fortune told, ma'am?' said one of this outcast tribe, as we met, a short time ago, on a broad heath. I shrunk instinctively from the bold, half-laughing stare of her brilliant eyes, and, with a silent shake of the head, walked on. This was followed by a feeling of self-reproach that I could not stifle: the circumstances were such that I could not have spoken to the unhappy creature, for a number of carriages, donkeys, and disorderly persons were there clustered together, on the occasion of some neighboring fair or races; and I had difficulty in conducting two or three children over the disagreeable spot which we were obliged to pass. But the question forced itself on my mind, whether, if I had been so accosted under less unfavorable circumstances, I should have resisted the impulse of natural aversion, and addressed that poor depraved gipsy as an immortal soul destined to an eternal, unchangeable state of being, and evidently hastening along the path of destruction. I could not satisfactorily answer my own query; there is no aptitude in the natural heart to such

work; and it is idle to speculate on what we would do in circumstances merely suppositious. Many have, like Peter, vaunted, in the hour of safety, how boldly they would go to prison and to death for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, who, when the trial actually came, were much ashamed of their vain boasting, and denied their faith: others, shrinking with terror from the anticipated hour of temptation, in mistrust of their own experienced weakness, have, out of that weakness, been made so strong, that their names now stand enrolled among the boldest and brightest in the noble army of martyrs. The habit of fancying scenes and situations, with the part that we ourselves should take in them, is more hurtful than is generally supposed. 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be,' is the promise given; and we ought by no means to anticipate the day, seeing that we cannot anticipate or calculate the measure of strength that God may see good to vouchsafe.

But I must return to the gipsy. The rencontre with her gave rise to a long train of thought, which occupied me during the rest of my walk. I was near an abode of royalty, and could not but recall the touching anecdote of the beloved and venerated monarch George III., who, when hunting near Windsor once, with his characteristic tenderness of feeling, relinquished the enjoyment of the chase out of compassion to his exhausted horse, and gently riding along through an avenue of the forest, was led by a cry of distress to an open space, where, under a branching oak, on a little pallet of straw, lay a dying woman. Dismounting and hastening to the spot, his majesty anxiously inquired of a girl, who was weeping over the sufferer, 'What, my dear child, can be done for you?' 'Oh, sir, my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died. I ran all the way before it was light this morning to Windsor, and asked for a minister, but no one could I find to come to pray with my dear mother.' The dying woman's agitated countenance bore witness that she understood and felt the cruel disappointment. The king exclaimed, 'I am a minister! God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother.'

Then, seating himself on a pack, he took the hand of the gipsy woman, showed the nature of sin, and pointed her to Jesus, the one and all-sufficient Saviour. His words appeared to sink deep into her heart; her eyes brightened, she looked up, she smiled; and, while an expression of peace stole over her pallid features, her spirit fled away, to bear a precious testimony before the King of kings of that minister's faithfulness to his awful charge. When the party, who had missed their sovereign, and were anxiously searching the wood for him, rode up, they found him seated by the corpse, speaking comfort to the weeping children. The sequel is not less beautiful: I quote the words of the narrative. 'He now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and bade them look to Heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and then mounted his horse. His attendants, greatly affected, stood in silent admiration. Lord I. was going to speak; but his majesty, turning to the gipsies, and pointing to the breathless corpse, and to the weeping girls, said, with strong emotion, "Who, my lord—who, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto these?"'

Let, then, the eloquent example of this king plead with you, when God gives you opportunity of following it. You will occasionally meet a gipsy in your path, or some other poor wanderer from the ways of God, to whom you can deliver the message of reconciliation, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear; and you know not but the Lord may even then be awakening in that outcast's mind a desire for the teaching that you, if you know Christ as your Saviour, can certainly afford. Remember the good king's words, and the high authority whence he quoted them. Ask yourself, 'Who is neighbor unto this poor wounded soul?' and strive to be that neighbor, pouring in the wine and oil of Christian consolation, if the case be one of awakened conscience; and if the spirit be yet lulled in the fatal slumber of habitual and allowed sin, sounding the call to awake, to arise from the dead, and receive light from Christ. However bright the eye, and ruddy the cheek, and active the frame, still the poor gipsy is dying, and so are you. Work while it is day; for the night cometh, when you can work no longer.—From 'Charlotte Elizabeth.'

The Geography Trap.

(M. C. W. B., in the 'Illustrated Christian Weekly.')

'Always be honest, boys,' said Uncle Nathan to the youngsters. 'Don't ever try to cheat at play, at work, or at lessons.

'I remember well how I tried to cheat my teacher once, and how I came to grief in consequence.

'We had a new teacher that term, a Miss Mason, and we were all delighted with the way she heard us recite in geography the first day. No passing the questions around the class by turn, but all answered in concert. You know it is such fun to school boys and girls to be allowed to make some kind of a noise, and we made the old schoolhouse ring.

'It was just the same the next day, and the next. There was a large class of us, and we considered that recitation prime fun.

'The fourth day of school came, and as I drew out the geography from my desk to prepare my lesson, something seemed to whisper to me, "What's the use of your taking so much pains to learn your lesson when the class all answer together? Who is going to notice if your voice isn't among the rest? You can pick up enough from what you know of geography, and what the rest answer, to put in an occasional word, and it will do just as well."

'I suspect that imp of mischief went about and whispered the same in the ears of the rest of the class, and you may conclude so, too, before my story is done. I am ashamed to tell you, boys, that I listened to the evil suggestion, and spent the time drawing pictures on my slate, and arranging a jack-knife trade with Ned White, that should have been given to my geography lesson. And withal the geography was a new one that term, and not one of the class had ever studied it before.

'"First class in geography!" called Miss Mason that afternoon, and just them there was a knock at the door. She answered it as we were taking our seats, and ushered in the minister and his wife, a committeeman and his wife, my two grown-up sisters, and last, but most important of all to me, my cousin Nathan, for whom I was named, and for whose good opinion I cared more than for almost any other person's. He always had such a pleasant way of rewarding me when I did well, and such a way, too, of making me feel his displeasure when I was in the wrong. At that moment I would have given anything I possessed in the world, for the knowledge of my lesson, but it was too late to wish for what I might have had so easily. It seemed to me I felt small and mean enough to crawl into a knothole!

'"You may recite in concert," said Miss Mason. "What peninsulas on the Arctic coast?"

'"Boothia and Melville," piped up a small girl, the very least and most diffident of the whole class, while the rest of us sat dumb as statues, but redder in the face.

'"In concert!" said Miss Mason. "What ones on the Atlantic coast?"

'Again the small girl answered alone.

'"Once more; and this time decidedly in concert," said Miss Mason emphatically. "Now what ones on the Pacific coast?"

'For the third time Susie answered alone.

'"You will now answer by turns, since you cannot seem to answer in concert,' said Miss Mason; and three more questions went round the class, each to be finally answered by Susie.

'Miss Mason laid the geography down on the desk, with a peculiar smile on her face. "Those of the class who have learned their lesson for to-day will please raise their right hands."

'Up went but one little hand. Susie's, of course.

'Miss Mason looked amused enough to see how the rest of us had walked into her trap.

'"Perhaps you thought," she said, "that because I had heard you in concert heretofore, I should always do the same; but that is quite uncertain. I shall never tell you beforehand how you will answer, so the only safe way is to prepare your lesson. Now I will tell you a little story, and then I will hear Susie recite the rest of the lesson, while the others take their seats and prepare to recite after school.

'"Once upon a time the whole world agreed to meet together and shout all at once, to see what a great noise it would make. But when they were met, it seemed each one thought his voice could make no difference in such a crowd, so he would only listen to the rest; all thought so except one old lady, who went to do her duty and had no thought of shirking it. So when the signal was given for them to shout, all that was heard was one old lady squealing 'Boo!' at the top of her voice. Moral—each do your duty and the shout will come."

'A shamefaced crew, we went to our seats and into our geographies. Oh, dear! how humiliating it was, before visitors, to see the rest of the school dismissed while we remained; but you may be sure we did not need the punishment again.

'So I charge you once more, my boys,

'Always and everywhere
Be honest and fair.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

Edith's Cure for the Blues.

(By Bertha W. Henderson, in 'Sunday School Times.')

Little Edith Morris has had the 'blues,' as the family called them, so many times in her short life, that they threatened to become chronic. Grandma said it was her liver, papa said she studied too hard, while thoughtless Tom said, 'She is just cross.' Mamma felt very sorry about it, and dreaded the appearance of the blues, which so quickly changed a sunny little girl into such an unlovely one.

As Mrs. Morris returned from shopping one day, Tom greeted her at the door with the announcement, 'Edith's got the blues again!'

'Oh, dear! has she?' said Mrs. Morris, adding, anxiously, 'I hope you have not been worrying her.'

But Tom only shook his head as he hurried off to join some friends at basket-ball. A few minutes later, as Mrs. Morris passed the door of Edith's room, she was very much surpised to hear her singing softly.

'Well, Tom must be mistaken this time,' she thought, as, pushing the door open, she peeped in upon a pretty picture. Edith wearing her prettiest house dress, and a rose in her hair, was arranging a bouquet of violets on the mantel, and had just finished decorating the little room with pretty pepper branches. The furniture had been dusted and polished till it fairly shone in the bright sunlight.

At Mrs. Morris's surprised 'Why, dear, what is it?' Edith ran quickly to her, exclaiming:

'Oh, mamma, it does work! Isn't it lovely?'

'What works, dear? I don't understand.'

'Why, Miss Alice's cure! She told me yesterday what she did, and I just thought next time I'd try it, too. And so to-day, when I began feeling blue, I did what she said, and decorated for the blues. And oh! aren't you glad, for they are all gone, and I am so happy?'

Mrs. Morris did not at all understand, but she only said, as she kissed the bright little face:

'Indeed I am glad, darling; and how very pretty your room looks! I am sure, if this is all it takes to cure those dreadful blues, my little girl will never let herself have them again—will she?'

'No, indeed, I sha'n't, mamma; and as soon as I feel them coming, I'll begin to decorate right away, and scare them off. Miss Alice is always so sweet, and I was so glad when she told me how she kept the blues away, for maybe I can be as sweet as she is.'

'What can the child mean?' Mrs. Morris asked herself when alone in her own room. 'I shall ask Alice about it, for I am quite puzzled.'

When Miss Alice, who was Mrs. Morris's dearest friend, dropped in that evening, Mrs. Morris carried her off to her own little sitting-room, and when they were comfortably seated, came to the point at once:

'Now I want to know all about this new cure.'

'What new cure? What are you talking about, Eleanor?' asked Alice, in surprise.

'Why,' you know. What was it you told Edith yesterday about decorating for the blues?'

'Decorating for the blues? Why, yes; I told Edith I was going to decorate for the Blues, but what has that to do with the 'cure' you asked about?'

'Why, she said you told her to decorate to cure the blues, and to-day I found her trying it. It effected such a wonderful cure that I thought I would ask you where you got your idea.'

Miss Alice was thoughtful for a moment, then, smiling brightly, said:

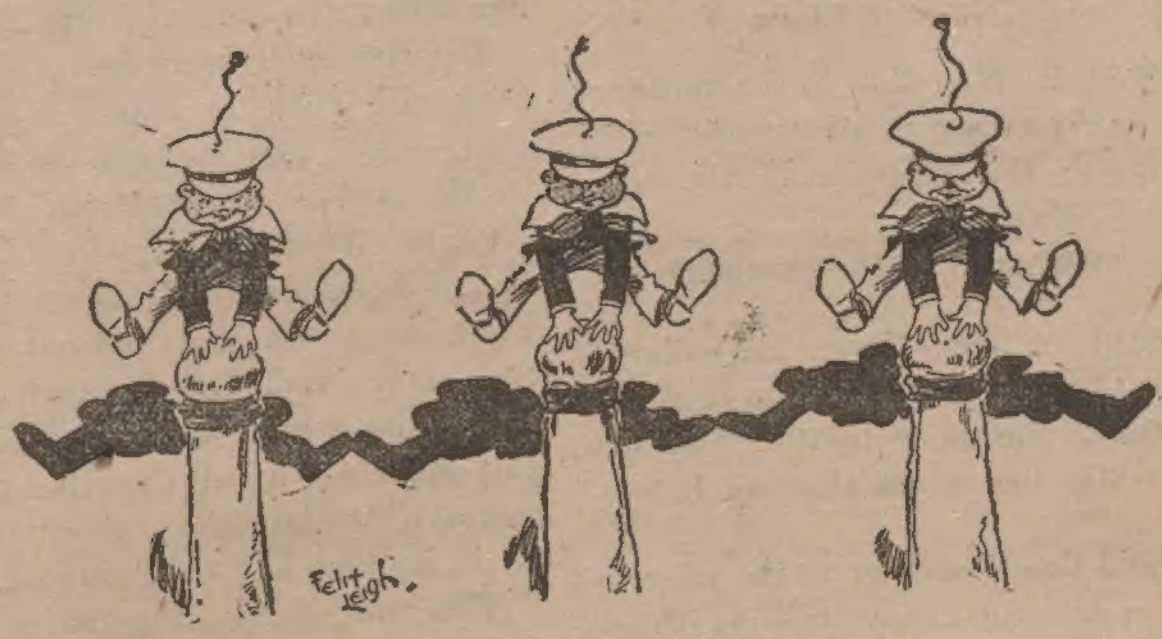
'Tell me, Eleanor, what did the child do?'

After Mrs. Morris's explanation, Alice laughed softly, and said: 'I see it all now. I remember meeting Edith yesterday on my way to our mission, and told her I was going to decorate for the Blues.

'To stimulate interest by a little friendly competition, we have classified the mission Sunday-school into two divisions—the Reds and the Blues. The Blues gave a reception to the Reds, and as I am one of the Blues, I helped in decorating the room.

'I supposed Edith knew about our mission and the Reds and Blues, and did not think of her taking it in the way she has, though I am not at all sorry; and,' thoughtfully, 'I'm not sure but that she is right, after all.'

Edith is a young lady now, and has often laughed over her curious mistake; but she still insists it was an excellent idea, and even now, when she feels herself getting blue, if you chanced to peep into her room, I would not be at all surprised if you should find that she had been 'decorating for the blues!'



Three Little Posts.

Three little posts stood all in a row.
'Now, what we are for, we'd like to know,'
Said they; and just then, with joyous cry,
Three little boys came racing by.

Over three little posts went three little boys,
For 'leap frog's' a game that youth enjoys.
Said the three little posts with a laugh, 'Ho! ho!
Now, what we are for, of course, we know.' —F. L.

Mr. Wise-Man.

(Nursery Rhyme.)

Said the Wise-Man to the gardener,
'Who sleep in all your beds?'
Quoth the gardener to the Wise-Man,
'We have plenty Cabbage Heads!'

Said the Wise-Man to the sailor,
'Do you put your ship in stays?'
Quoth the sailor to the Wise-Man,
'Tis her waist the rope belays!'

Said the Wise-Man to the joiner,
'Are you always making beads?'
Quoth the joiner to the Wise-Man,
'These are all the stringer needs!'

Said the Wise-Man to the watch-man,
'Can your watches wash their face?'
Quoth the watch-man to the Wise-Man,
'If their hands are all in place!'

Said the Wise-Man to the wood-man,
'Have your trees a savage bark?'
Quoth the wood-man to the Wise-Man,
'Only dog-wood, I remark!'

—William Wye Smith,
St. Catharines, Ont.

'One of the Family.'

Dollie wished to join the church, and it was a keen disappointment to her when she was told that she was too young and must wait a few. years.

Mamma tried to explain that it really made very little difference; that she could love and follow Christ just as well without being a member of the church for the present. But though Dollie was used to yielding her wishes to mamma's judgment when the two did not agree, and though she honestly tried with all her might to give up this one cheerfully, she could not help feeling that somehow it was not 'just the same.'

One day Dollie and her cousin Belle, who had come from New York to make her a long visit, and Nannie Cole, who lived next door, were playing together on the piazza, when a strange man came to the house. He had a book and a pencil, and he asked a great many questions of mamma, writing down her answers as she gave them.

The little girls were full of curiosity, and when the man was gone Dollie asked mamma who he was.

'He is the census-taker,' said mamma. Then she explained how he had been appointed to go from house to house and find out just how many people lived in each one and in the whole town, and how this was done in all the cities and towns, until the whole population of the country had been counted.

This was very interesting to Dollie.

'Did he count me?' she asked, eagerly.

'Certainly.'

'I was afraid I was too little,' she said, in a tone of relief. 'You are sure he did?'

'Yes.' Mamma could not help smiling.

'Did he count Nannie, too?'

'No; she would be counted with Mrs. Cole's family.'

'Nor Belle?'

'No, for Belle does not live in this town.'

'Oh!' Dollie's eyes were big with interest.

She thought a good deal about the 'census man' during the rest of the day. At bedtime she began to talk about him again.

'He counted me here because I am one of the family, didn't he, mamma?'

'Yes.'

'I wish it was like that in the church,' Dollie said, wistfully. 'It seems as if I ought to be counted, if I'm one of the family, even if I am little. Don't you think it seems so, mamma?'

Somehow mamma was beginning to think so, and the more she thought about it the more she felt that Dollie ought to be counted; for she had been observing the little girl closely during these weeks, and was convinced that she was indeed 'one of the family.' She became so sure of it, indeed, that the very next Sunday the name of Dorothy May Tracy was added to the list of church members, and mamma was as glad and happy as Dollie herself. How happy that was, you had only to look into Dollie's shining eyes to know.—'Western Christian Advocate.'

Alone in the Dark.

'Stay by me to-night, dear mamma, said a child,
'The rain rattles down, and the wind is so wild,
I shut up my eyes, and I cover my head,
And draw myself up in a heap in the bed;
And I think about robbers, and shiver with fear.
Do stay by me, mother; it's so dark up here.'

'I cannot, my darling; and why should I stay?
You are never afraid to come up here by day;
You study and play in this same little room,
And never have left it with fear or with gloom;
Why, then, when you're wrapt up so cozy and warm,
Do you think about things that can do you no harm?'

'O mother! it's light in the day-time, you know,
And the sunshine then puts all the room in a glow:
And up from the hall comes a mur-mur of sound,
When Jenny and Kitty are running around;
And though your voice, mother, I don't always hear,
Yet it's so light and cheerful, I know you are there.'

'My dear little boy, I'm afraid you forget
That God is near by, watching over my pet;
Nor darkness, nor light, would be safe without One,
Who sees us, and guards us, till life's race is run.
In the loneliest night He is close by your side,
If you love Him, and trust Him, "the Lord will provide."

You never need fear; but when feeble and faint,
Then call upon God who will hear your complaint;
There's no one to hurt you, when God is so nigh;
His angels, to keep you, descend from the sky.'

The child gently put his soft hand in her own,
And kissed the sweet face that so lovingly shone;
'You may put out the light, mother, dear, when you please,
If I feel afraid now, I will think that God sees.'
—'The Children's Messenger.'

LESSON XI.—SEPT. 11.

Elijah Taken up into Heaven.

II. Kings ii., 1-11.

Golden Text.

He was not; for God took him. Genesis v., 24.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 5.—II. Kings ii., 1-11.
Tuesday, Sept. 6.—Heb. xi., 1-10.
Wednesday, Sept. 7.—Deut. xxxiv., 1-12.
Thursday, Sept. 8.—Acts i., 1-11.
Friday, Sept. 9.—Luke ix., 28-36.
Saturday, Sept. 10.—Rev. xix., 1-16.
Sunday, Sept. 11.—II. Kings i., 2-16.

1. And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind, that Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal.
2. And Elijah said unto Elisha, Tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Beth-el. And Elisha said unto him, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they went down to Beth-el.
3. And the sons of the prophets that were at Beth-el came forth to Elisha, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? And he said, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace.
4. And Elijah said unto him, Elisha, tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho. And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they came to Jericho.
5. And the sons of the prophets that were at Jericho came to Elisha, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? And he answered, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace.
6. And Elijah said unto him, Tarry, I pray thee, here; for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan. And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And they two went on.
7. And fifty men of the sons of the prophets went, and stood to view afar off: and they two stood by Jordan.
8. And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground.
9. And it came to pass, when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.
10. And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so.
11. And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

After the events of the last lesson, in which the prophet was commanded to anoint his successor, Elijah passed into a period of several years of less prominent activity. 'The sons of the prophets' mentioned in the account of Elijah's life would make it appear that the great prophet might have devoted some time to the instructing of Elisha and other prophets.

If you will read the remaining three chapters of I. Kings and the first chapter of II. Kings, which comprise the Scripture intervening between the last lesson and this, you will learn of the war of Ben-hadad, King of Syria, against Israel, of the incident of Naboth's vineyard, of the disastrous campaign of Ahab and Jehoshaphat against the King of Syria, of Ahab's death, of the death of Ahaziah his son and successor.

The latter, like his father, was a Baal worshipper, and, being rebuked by Elijah, sought to take him, but failed. At the time of this lesson Jehoram, son of Ahab, was king of Israel.

We come now to the wonderful scene which closed the earthly life of the great prophet Elijah. The taking away of Elijah recalls the passing of Enoch, who 'was not; for God took him.' Genesis v., 24.

The time was in the early part of the ninth century before Christ.

THE LESSON STUDY.

The Appointed Time. 1. 'When the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind.'

This verse is the very opposite of one we read a few weeks ago, wherein Elijah exclaimed, 'Now, O Lord, take away my life.' But then he was fugitive, out there alone in the desert, and completely disheartened by apparent failure.

But God was better to Elijah than Elijah was to himself. Joseph Parker says, 'There is a great doctrine of Providence here. Not when Elijah would go, but when the Lord would take him.'

When this time came he and Elisha went out from Gilgal, a place a few miles northwest of Bethel. Elisha had for years ministered unto Elijah, being at once his servant and disciple. As the hour of Elijah's triumph approached they were found setting out on their last journey together.

Elisha Will not Leave his Master. 2, 3, 'I will not leave thee.'

As they journey along the great prophet asks his companion to tarry, as the Lord has sent him to Bethel, but Elisha most solemnly assures his master that he will not leave him.

Just why Elijah made this request is not stated. Various reasons are suggested, but the fact that, at critical moments in Bible history others have been drawn to declare themselves by suggestions of various kinds, would indicate that Elisha was being tested, and his longing for a blessing sharpened, by this seeming coldness and discouraging request on Elijah's part.

The angel that wrestled with Jacob asked to be released that he might go but Jacob was only made determined to have a blessing first. Joseph led on his brethren by his seeming harshness, until the time for reunion came. So it was also in the case of the Syrophenician woman, who besought Christ to heal her daughter.

At Bethel there was a school of the prophets. 'These ancient colleges,' says Taylor, 'were under the superintendence of a recognized prophet, who was called the father, while the students were styled his children or sons.'

When Bethel was reached these 'sons of the prophets' came out and asked Elisha if he knew that God was about to take away his master. Elisha's answer not only shows that he did know it, but also shows the reason for his unwillingness to be parted from Elijah at this time. Elisha longed for a blessing and would not be put off.

Just how these men all knew about the wonderful event that was near we do not know, but the spiritually minded are often in possession of truths that the worldling misses altogether. 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.'

Two more Tests for Elisha. 4-7. 'And they two stood by Jordan.'

At Bethel, Elijah again asks Elisha to tarry, as he is to go on to Jericho, but again Elisha positively declines to be left behind.

You notice that the great event just at hand has not been freely spoken of as yet. There was some awed whispering between Elisha and the sons of the prophets at Bethel, but Elisha bade them be silent. The same thing occurs at Jericho. It is too solemn and serious a crisis in the lives of these good men for idle speculation. They know what is coming and are silent.

At Jericho Elijah makes his last test of the fidelity and earnestness of his faithful companion, soon to be his successor. But Elisha is firm, and they journey on together toward Jordan.

Fifty of the sons of the prophets, realizing that the journeys of Elijah were nearing the end, took a position from which they could see the two as they passed on to the Jordan.

The Jordan Divided. 8. 'So they two went over on dry ground.'

A last miracle was now performed, perhaps as an indication or symbol of how the work of Elijah had prepared the way for that of Elisha to follow. Rolling together his mantle, the badge of his office, Elijah smote the river and the waters separated. This was at least near the place where they had separated from the Israelites, under Joshua, over five centuries before, when they entered the land.

Elisha's Prayer. 9, 10. 'Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.'

When they were over the Jordan, Elijah no longer seeks to test Elisha, but asks him plainly what he shall do for him before he is taken away. Elisha's prayer for 'a double portion of thy spirit' shows the nature of the man, and the fact that he realized his need of more human wisdom for the duties that he is now to take up.

According to Jewish law the eldest son received a double portion of the inheritance. Elisha was the spiritual son and successor of Elijah, and asks for the double portion of the spirit of the great prophet.

'Thou hast asked a hard thing,' said Elijah, for, spiritual gifts cannot be passed on at will from one to another. Christ himself could not grant the chief seats in his kingdom to James and John when their mother requested this honor.

'Nevertheless,' says Elijah, and Elisha's hope was stimulated again, 'if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee.' Elisha was no longer bidden to tarry anywhere, but was encouraged to keep close to his master to the end, to be alert and watchful.

Elijah Taken up into Heaven. 11. 'And Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.'

After the request of Elisha, the two men went on and talked, Elisha perhaps receiving final counsel and encouragement from the great man to whom he had been so faithful. Then suddenly the supreme moment came. The fiery chariot and horses appeared and Elijah was swept away in a whirlwind, to be seen no more of men until the Transfiguration, nearly a thousand years later.

The next verse of this chapter records the fulfilment of Elijah's prayer, for he saw what took place.

The life of Elijah, the greatest of the prophets, is full of lessons. Take your pencil and write down a few of his striking characteristics, the notable events in his life, the contrast between his life and that of Ahab, the similarity of his experiences and the spiritual experiences of yourself.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 11.—Topic—What the Bible teaches about heaven. John xiv., 1-3; Rev. xxi., 1-8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

JOSEPH IN THE PALACE.

Monday, Sept. 5.—A sorrowful father. Gen. xxxvii, 29-36

Tuesday, Sept. 6.—God with Joseph. Gen. xxxix., 1-6.

Wednesday, Sept. 7.—Joseph in prison. Gen. xxxix., 20-23.

Thursday, Sept. 8.—Joseph and the dreamers. Gen. xl., 1-23.

Friday, Sept. 9.—Pharaoh's dream. Gen. xli., 1-13.

Saturday, Sept. 10.—Joseph's interpretation. Gen. xli., 15-36.

Sunday, Sept. 11.—Topic—From a prison to a palace. Gen. xli., 14, 37-46.

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Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Temperance

What About Their Children?

The 'Chicago Journal' gives the following extract from 'The Cost of Something for Nothing' by the late John P. Altgeld:

In America the liquor traffic has yielded great profits, both in manufacturing and in retailing; and men engaged in this business show, for a time, evidence of prosperity. Some of the most palatial homes in this country belong to brewers and distillers; their equipages are of the best, and their manner of living is sumptuous.

One generation of brewers and distillers in America has passed away, and we can study their lives and pass judgment on their work. The most impressive thing that strikes the observer of these men is the universality of their moral ruin.

Personally, many of the men engaged in this business are not only men of ability, shrewdness, and enterprise, but they are men of kindly impulses and inclined by nature to be generous; and some of them possess a considerable culture.

Why should a blight hang over them? It is the moral taint in their business that comes home to them, with its trail of death.

Why say moral taint? Because the effect of the whole business, as now conducted, is to cater to the weaknesses, to destroy the character and lower the social status of men and of communities and this demoralization and ruin reaches back to the source from which it sprang.

Vibrations in the atmosphere move in a circle in all directions from the point of disturbance, and all that comes within that circle feel more or less of the shock. In the traffic in liquor, both the hand that delivers and the hand that receives the liquor becomes palsied.

If liquors were made and sold as drugs and groceries are sold, the effect would be different. If men took them as they take drugs and food, a small percent would be used, and the demoralization following would be comparatively small.

But the manufacturers of liquors want to make money, and they endeavor to swell their sales. For this purpose, they encourage the opening of saloons.

These saloons become lounging places, where characters and habits of industry are destroyed, where habits of drinking and carousing are formed, that pull down not only the individual, but his family and every time the drunkard and his family sink a notch lower, the moral effect tends to blight the family of the saloonkeeper, the brewer, and the distiller, who created the condition from which this ruin proceeds. It is the reactionary effect of human conduct. The microbe of moral degradation works backward as well as forward.

Social Wine Drinking.

At an ecclesiastical convention, a discussion on temperance turned to the 'wine question.' A part of the clergy advocated its entire disuse, and a part took the other side. At length an influential clergyman rose and made a vehement argument in favor of wine, denouncing the radical reformers for attempting to banish this token of hospitality from use. When he had resumed his seat, a layman, trembling with emotion, rose, and asked if it was allowable for him to speak. The chair having signified that he would be heard, he said:

'Mr. Moderator: It is not my purpose, in rising, to answer the learned argument you have just listened to. My object is more humble, and, I hope, more practical. I once knew a father in moderate circumstances, who was at much inconvenience to educate a beloved son at college. Here his son became dissipiated but after he had graduated and returned to his father, the influence of home acting upon a generous nature, actually reformed him. The father was overjoyed at the prospect that his cherished hopes of other days were still to be realized.

'Several years passed, when, the young man having completed his professional study, and being about to leave his father for the purpose of establishing himself in business, he was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman, and refused the wine pressed on him, and again firmly refused. This was repeated, and the young man was ridiculed for his singular abstinence. He was strong enough to overcome appetite, but could not resist ridicule. He drank, fell, and from that moment became a confirmed drunkard, and long since has found a drunkard's grave.

'Mr. Moderator,' continued the old man, with streaming eyes, 'I am that father; and it was at the table of the clergyman who has just taken his seat that this token of hospitality ruined the son I shall never cease to mourn.'—'The Presbyterian Banner.'

A Woman's Warning.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, writing on the ruin which drink effects upon women says: 'Alcohol is not an essential of life; it is at best but a luxury, and more often than not it proves a curse. Men undertaking great physical work, such as Nansen or Jackson on their Polar expeditions, found it necessary to eschew alcohol altogether. Men training for sports give up wine. Such things are better done without. The woman who begins with odd glasses at odd times is surely courting ruin, just as inevitably as her sister who has recourse to these sleeping draughts which seem to sound so simple and end by being a great curse.'—'Temperance Leader.'

Gospel Temperance in Russia.

The following interesting letter appears in a recent number of 'Wings,' the organ of the Women's Total Abstinence Union:—

'Dear Miss Forsaith,—In the Russian Temperance paper you sent me I saw an article which will interest your readers. It is the story of a Temperance Brotherhood in Russia, and its marvellous development.

Only five years ago the priest in charge of a church belonging to the Society for the Propagation of Morality and Religion started this Brotherhood. It has now 10,000 members, most of whom have been drunkards, submerged members of society and church. To-day they are good parents, honest workmen, members of the church, universal benefactors. The members of this Brotherhood unite to fight against the most bitter enemy of the Russian people—drunkenness and its attendant evils. Every week for five years they have met in a hall hired for the purpose, to strengthen each other with hymn-singing, prayer and brotherly talks with the priest and each other, and gradually their plans took shape. Without capital or subsidies, but thanks only to energy and burning faith in God, they have been enabled to open a library containing 1,000 volumes, a Sunday-school (for reading and writing) for adults and youths, with 200 scholars, a dispensary, benefit club, classes for girls, etc. At present twenty intelligent voluntary workers are helping to raise the tone of the neighborhood. One must remember that these people are poor factory hands, small shopkeepers and artisans, to realize the full importance of the results. But the Russian has a tender and loving heart; his gratitude once gained is true and real. These reformed wrecks of society have started a new scheme; it has come to them as a way of showing forth to others the salvation which has become theirs. They have decided to collect money for a big bell to be put into the church which was built for and by them.

Only those who know the depth of feeling and love of the Russian people for all things ecclesiastical and spiritual, and the poetry which is called forth in the hearts of the faithful by the sound of church bells will realize the feeling which prompted the members of the Brotherhood to put up a bell as a memorial to their salvation. Each sound of the bell will tell forth the good news of salvation, of liberty, also from their foe—drunkenness. This memorial bell will be a witness to the neighborhood that fallen man can be raised by the power of God.

The article from which I have quoted these facts is written by a priest, Father John Alboo. I hope that they may interest your readers.—Yours sincerely, S. HOWE.

—'Temperance Leader.'

Tobacco and Growing.

From D. Gordon Stables, in a little sketch called 'The Boy Who Did, and the Boy Who Didn't,' we have the following helpful information:—

'Was I near dead, sir?'

'Pretty nigh. You see, you've got a touch of tobacco-heart.'

'Wotever's that?' said Joe. 'You don't mean for to say as 'ow cigarettes can 'urt a young chap?'

'But I do mean that, my boy. And I'm not likely to tell you a lie, or anybody else. For there's a graveyard not a hundred miles from here that needn't have been dug had the boys that fill it kept away from cigarettes. No, the smoking didn't kill them right away. It just weakened them, and so when they fell ill of ordinary complaints, they had not the strength to get over them. But, lad, they're far better dead.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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The following are the contents of the issue of Aug. 20, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Czarowitch—New York 'Times.'
State of Russia—From a Russian Correspondent of the 'Standard,' London.
The Fighting at Sea—The New York 'Post.'
Chinese Neutrality—The New York 'Times.'
A Japanese Festival—'Our Monthly,' London.
Ding How—A Manchu Pony.—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Russia's Rich Seal and Otter Rookeries are now Open to the Japanese Vessels—The Chicago 'Journal.'
Scotch Church Controversy—The Triumph of David—'Daily News,' London.
Momentous Decision for Scotland—P.A.H., in the New York 'Post.'
Opposition Vote of Centure—English Papers.
The Lords and the Licensing Bill—English Papers.
Salient Points in Judge Parker's Speech of Acceptance—How he stands on the more Important Issues—The 'World,' New York.
International Boundary Marking—The New York 'Post.'
Travelling Manners—The 'Spectator,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Meane of Meanes—A Sixteenth Century poem, by Mr. Haywoode'—From the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum.
The Story of the Organ—S., in the 'Musical News,' London.
Impressionism in Art—The 'Morning Post,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

My Hill Field—Poem, by John H. Finley, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
The Road—Poem, by J. B. C., in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Romance of the New Testament—By Elliott E. Mills, in the 'Spectator,' London.
The Best Use of Sunday—The New York 'Observer.'
France Without the English Tourist—Napoleon's Visitors and Captives—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Travelling in the Olden Times—The 'Standard,' London.
Mark Rutherford—By C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mistakes About Words—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Conditions on Other Planets—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Chinese Family's Cure for Hydrophobia—Wei Hai Wei Correspondent of the 'Lancet,' London.
Discover a New Pest—Parasite upon a Parasite—The Los Angeles 'Herald.'
The Prolongation of Life and Acetic Acid—The 'Spectator,' London.
Acres of World's Fair Buildings—'World's Work.'
Science Notes.

Correspondence

We have received letters from the following:—Willard C. Horton (11 years old), Percy Brayman (13), Jessie L. Stewart, C. E. M., Gladys E. T., Marguerite I. Hunt, Bessie Ogilvie, Nellie Gooding, Stanley Rea (10), Chrissy McRostie, Harry Sanderson (13), May C. (8), Willie H. Elgee, D. L. McE., Maud P., George Oke, Hazel K., Vera Velzorch Nelles, Olive T. Forbes, Edna D. (12), R. Dunston, Nina Evans, Beulah A. (9), Adams (9), Maggie E. Mack (11), Emma Winifred Vanallen (11), Laura Mellow, Elsie B. Sterritt (10), Ethel B. P. (11), Amonetta M. Hallamne, Myrtle Morrison (10), Hazel O'Neil, J. Harold Kennedy (9), Grace Allen R. (8), Beatrice Vanzant (12), Clara M. R. (10), Mary J. Dewar (11), Bertha M. Millman (9), Jennie A. MacLeod (13), Mildred E. Phillips (12), Raymond S. (9 or 10), L. Lovell, Harold Fowler, Roy Walmsley (12), Archie Wigglesworth (12), Gracie B. Nickels (11), Ausbert Ritchie Ketcheson, Ella Pardy (13), Maurice Pepper (11), Willie A., Henry W. Brewer (13), Myra K. M. (10), N. H. (13), Beatrice Thistlethwaite (11), N. Thompson, John S. (12), Mildred Wright (13), Edna P. P. (10), Lillie Hawkey (7), Carl A. Langill, Minnie E. Mathes, Jennie Warcup, E. B. M., G. M. P.

See if your name is in this list or any friend's name.—Cor. Ed.

Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have three sisters and two brothers. I am the eldest in the family. I go to Sunday-school and take the 'Messenger.' I received a prize last Christmas for learning Bible verses. I go to the day school, and am in the third reader. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same date as mine, May 22. I will be thirteen years old.

AGNES EDNA B.

Rat Portage, Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is a very pretty place where I live in the summer time. I go to school, and am in the second reader. I am ten years old. My father is captain of a boat here. My only pets are a parrot, a canary bird and a cat. I would like to see some of the little readers of the 'Messenger,' as I am sure I should like them. I have not taken the 'Messenger' a year yet, but I know that I shall take it for a good many years.

EDNA B.

Inglewood Forest, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school, and am in the second grade. I have one sister, but no brother. I live with my aunt and uncle. My mamma died when I was two years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. We live near the river. We often go down and play along the shores.

VIOLA M. W.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter. I live in Chicago, and my name is Roy R. I am nine years old, and I am in the fifth grade at school. I have no pets. My favorite books are 'Beautiful Joe' and 'Black Beauty.' My Uncle John R., who lives in Mitchell, asked you to send me the 'Messenger.' They take it in their Sunday-school. My mamma and I visited him this summer. They were very kind to us, and we had a nice visit. My uncle is superintendent in the Sunday-school. I got acquainted with the man who has charge of the grain elevator and attends to the shipping of the grain. I learned all about the different kinds of grain. He is a jolly fellow, and we had lots of fun together. We left Mitchell for my grandma's, near Toronto. I always have a good time there. I helped a farmer with his cows and drove around with him. We spent one whole day driving round the city. I saw where the big fire was. They are building the place up again. We thought from the Chicago papers that nearly the whole city was burnt down, but it is only a small patch. Then I went to High Park to a Sunday-school picnic with a little girl, and I played with her nearly every day. Next we visited an aunt in Oshawa, and had a very nice time. She had a garden with everything in it. Then we started on our return trip, and stopped off at Port Robinson to visit my Uncle Joe and Uncle Bob. Uncle Joe drove mamma and Cousin Mary and me to Niagara Falls. It was a sight to see! So much water tumbling over the rocks and falling so far. We all put on rain coats and went through a tunnel hundreds of feet under the falls. My, it was great! Then we went out on the 'Maid of the Mist' and up the inclined railway. They had babies at both my uncles. Uncle Joe's was good, but Uncle Bob's baby cried a great deal. Aunt Madge at Uncle Bob's gave us a tea party on their lawn. I had such a good time playing with my cousins. Our last visit was at my Uncle George's, ten miles from Tilsonburg. He is a miller, and has a boat, and we all went out boating every day, and also bathing. We ate all the black and white raspberries we wanted right off the bushes in his garden. Mamma's brother, Uncle Garnet, and I were in Colorado last summer. We were right in the mountains, and we walked right to the top of Pike's Peak and down again the same day. They said I was the smallest boy that ever did it. We saw all sorts of grand scenery. We thought it was the trip of our lives, but I think this trip beats it. I like Ontario, and like to see the fine fields of grain, the big orchards, the beautiful large brick farm houses, and big red barns. I could tell my mamma the kinds of grain and roots growing in the fields, as we were coming home. We see more corn than anything else in the United States. I am a great deal wiser than when I went away. We left Uncle Garnet and papa to keep house, and they got along pretty well. Uncle Garnet had the beds all made up nice and the dishes washed and all the newspapers stuck out of sight and everything looking pretty tidy the night we got home.

ROY R.

(This is the kind of letter we would like to have a great many of. We would like to hear at length what our correspondents have been doing this summer. Cor. Ed.)

Amherst, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a house near the school. I led my class last term, and will be in the fifth grade this term. Our school begins on Aug. 29. I have a black and white kitten, and it is very cute. My cousin takes the 'Messenger,' and sometimes I read it. I like it very much, and think I will take it next year. Will some one tell me in the Correspondence Page what color would look nice to make a shoulder cape out of.

LEONIA N. M. (aged 11).

North-East Point,
Cape Sable Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy six years old, and I thought I would send a letter to your paper. I have two brothers, and only one sister, all younger than I am. I have only been to school about two months, and I liked it very much, and also liked my teacher. My brothers' names are Sidney and William, and my sister's name is Christina. My father is a Swede, and he is an engineer. I have a big dog named Jack and a cow named Dolly. I have six aunts and two uncles living close by, and quite a few in Sweden, besides one aunt in the United States. It is vacation time now, so I am helping mamma to pick blueberries, and having some good times. We only have service in our church once a fortnight. My two brothers and I always go. One of my aunts is coming to see us. I think she has been pretty sick. My grandpapa has a horse, and his name is Dan. I have a ride on him very often. My aunt is writing this for me. It is twenty-one miles around Cape Sable Island. I will send you a bouquet of flowers out of my grandmamma's garden. We do not have any outdoor flowers, as we have no garden.

MATIAIS K.

(Thank you for the pretty bouquet.—Ed.)

Anderson Mountain,
Pictou Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We like the paper very much. My ma took the paper in her youth, too. We go to the Presbyterian church. We have no settled minister just now, as ours has gone out West. Our school opened on Aug. 15. I like going to school very much. We live on a farm. I am nine years old.

CHARLES G. M.

Sunbury, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' There are five in our family, three girls and two boys. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and we all enjoy reading it. I am very fond of reading, and have read a lot of books. We take the Montreal 'Daily Witness,' and have taken it for over twelve years now. My father is a Presbyterian minister. We have a cow and a horse. They are very quiet, and enjoy eating a ripe apple out of my hand. I often milk when father is away.

FREDA D.

Deloraine, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm. I do not go to school now, as it is vacation time; but when I do go I am in the seventh grade. The school is half a mile from our place. I have read a great number of books, some of which are 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Breaking the Rules,' and many others. We occasionally go to Fish Lake, near the Turtle Mountains, to camp. One year we went, and as there were fish in the lake, we proposed fishing. So a boat full of boys and girls rowed out. The boys kept saying, 'Sh, sh'! but we could not keep quiet, and the result was that no fish were caught. I am twelve years old.

FANNY C. H.

(Very neatly written.—Cor. Ed.)

Shall I Bet?

YES!—shout 20,000 Bookmakers, 'for we live on the losses.'

NO!—cry half-a-million of fathers, mothers, wives—'that's how the misery of our home began.'

YES!—whispers Covetousness—'you may win money more quickly than by working.'

NO!—answers Prudence—'very few win in the long run.'

YES!—urges Selfishness—'you will have easy times if you are lucky.'

NO!—replies Conscience—'others would suffer for your ease; you may drug me for a little while, but there will be remorse afterwards.'

YES!—say the Sporting Newspapers—'you will buy us more eagerly.'

NO!—rejoins Duty—'you will neglect me, and employ your thoughts elsewhere.'

YES!—laughs the Publican—'betting men are my best customers.'

NO!—murmurs the Savings Bank—'they seldom patronize me for long.'

YES!—voices the Tipster—'What shall I do without you?'

NO!—sighs the Prison Governor—'my jail is filling.'

YES!—mutters the Devil—'It's a short road to hell.'

NO!—commands your Maker—'Do as you would be done by. Work in faith and hope. Strive to be honest and pure. The reward shall come some day. "Fear not, I will be with thee."'—'The Australian Christian World.'

The Little Lad's Answer.

Our little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet;
His play-time had been hard and long
Out in the summer's noontide heat;
'I'm glad I'm home!' he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in a corner by the door
He put away his bat and ball.

'I wonder why,' his auntie said,
'This little lad comes always here,
When there are many other homes
As nice as this and quite as near.'
He stood a moment deep in thought
Then with the love-light in his eye
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, 'She lives here, that is why.'

With beaming face the mother heard,
Her mother-heart was very glad.
A true, sweet answer he had given,
That thoughtful, loving little lad;
And well I know that hosts of lads
Are just as loving, true and dear;
That they would answer as he did:
''Tis home, for mother's living here.'

—'Religious Intelligencer.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

HOUSEHOLD.

Where are the Grandmothers?

(Emma A. Lente, in the 'N. W. Christian Advocate.')

Where are the grandmothers? Once they were plentiful and wholly delightful. One had no difficulty in finding them, they wore white caps or lace bowed with lavender ribbon on their soft, silver-tinted hair.

They wore gold-rimmed spectacles and white lawn aprons in the mornings and black silk ones in the afternoons and had pockets in their gowns.

They knew how to knit—fancy stitches and patterns perhaps—but always the baby's socks, the boys' long stockings and mittens for everyone.

They were people of leisure and had time to listen, tender patience to answer the unending questions of the children, to croon a lullaby to the weary baby; and had always a word of sympathy and comfort for those who were busy and harassed with the stress of the day and its cares.

They could tell such fascinating stories—these grandmothers; stories of their childhood and Bible stories and fairy lore, and they could sing. To the critical ear the wavering, untrained voices might not have made melody, but the ballads of romance and the hymns of the faith which they sang have, sweet, unending echoes.

Their rooms came to seem like no other rooms; they were peaceful havens where bustle and fret and strife and envy had no place, for their owners were tender of heart and pitiful and of large charity.

They were familiar with the Bible and always knew on the instant where to find the books of James and Corinthians and Hosea and Esther; but the book they loved the best and read the most was Revelation, because they were drawing so near to its wonderful mysteries and blisses. Years have passed since they went out into the glory of its revealment—these sweet, saintly grandmothers whom we remember with such love and longing, and rarely do we see their like; but when we do, we crave to touch even the hem of their garments and ask of them a benediction.

Household Hints.

Sprinkle and fold the clothes carefully, and the ironing is half done.

Save steps by using a medium sized tray on which to carry victuals and dishes to and from the dining table.

Put a quart of flour in a baking pan, brown it thoroughly in the oven, and set it aside to cool, after which seal it tightly in a can; for use in gravies, soup, etc.

When a knife has been used to cut onions, wipe it with a damp cloth and rub it briskly with coarse salt. The objectionable smell will then entirely disappear.

Place your butter in a jar and cover it with water to within an inch or two of the top; add a piece of salt the size of a hazel nut; cut off portions daily. Butter treated this way will keep fresh and firm for days.

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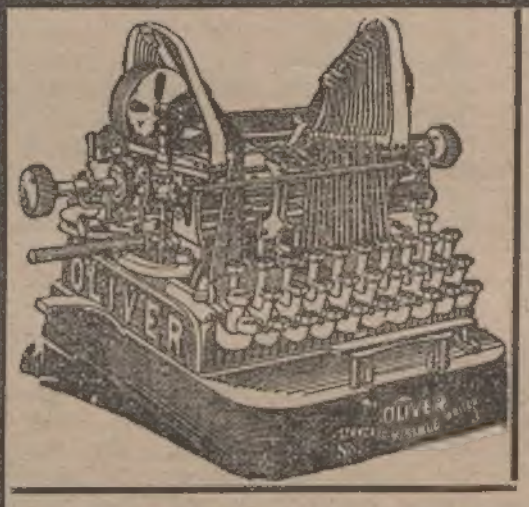

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